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HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1891.

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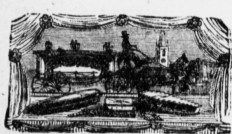
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STATE SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

THE Farmers' Alliance of the Ninth Congressional district met at Vanceburg last week and organized a District Union with J. S. Ball, of Fleming, President; Wm. Luttrell, of Mason, Vice President; and J. S. Moritz, of Lewis, as Secretary. The action of the State Democratic Executive Committee in calling mass meetings in the various counties, instead of precinct meetings, to select delegates to the coming State Convention, was denounced. Resolutions were also adopted demanding that the rolling stock of railroads be made subject to execution for damages for stock killed, and that the State establish a uniform system of text books for schools, and furnish same at cost. The members pledged themselves to vote for no candidate for the Legislature who does not favor the demands of the Alliance.

NEAR Cornishville, Mercer county, Saturday afternoon, William Stines and Al Woods, two lads, were hunting. Stines asked his companion to lend him his pipe, and Woods passed it to him, a few crumbs of tobacco had been sprinkled. After taking a whiff or two at the pipe the powder exploded, entirely blinding Stines in the left eye, besides severely impairing the vision of the right eye.

A LITTLE five-year-old daughter of John Nance, colored, lives with an aunt near Fairview, Christian county, by whom she was cruelly beaten one evening last week, and then turned out and left in the bitter cold all night. When found next morning the child was in a dying condition. Her face, feet and hands were frost-bitten, and her body terribly scarred from being whipped.

THE Duhmes, of Cincinnati, have purchased 200 acres of beautiful blue grass land just outside of Lexington, adjoining the Cassius Goodloe farm, and is one of the most beautiful locations in the State for a breeding farm. The Duhme outfit at Woodlawn, near Glendale, Ohio, will be moved to the new farm and will be further improved.

SENATOR CARLISLE was summoned on Friday last as a witness in the Kincaid murder trial at Washington. The Attorney General, however, notified Mr. Carlisle that he would not be needed except in rebuttal.

GEO. ROBERTS, who was recently killed on the Kentucky Central railroad at Covington, had only been in the employ of the company about thirty minutes when he met his death.

MATILDA COYCE, a colored woman of Hopkinsville said to be 100 years old, was run over by a freight train, receiving injuries that will prove fatal. One leg was cut off.

E. W. MERRITT, of Hopkinsville, sued for \$10,000 for breach of promise by India Hays, has compromised by paying \$800 and an agreement to support the child.

JOHN WIGGINTON, SR., implicated in the Ferguson-Watts poisoning, was captured in Menefee county last week, and safely lodged in Mt. Sterling jail.

At Louisville, Theo. Schwartz & Co., private bankers, failed last week for \$500,000. The assignment carries to the wall the Union Tobacco works.

A NEW trial was refused Evan Shelby at Paducah, convicted of murdering and robbing Mrs. Sallie Moore four years since, and he goes up for life.

THE post office at Paris was burglarized one night last week, and money and cash and stamps amounting to between \$700 and \$800 taken.

NANCY SNELLING, of Montgomery county, sold \$800 worth of household effects and eloped with Charles Stevenson, a farm laborer.

HON. JOHN W. WARRINGTON, of Cincinnati, has been admitted to practice as an attorney before the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.

JOHN BLEW has just been sent to the Frankfort Pen to serve a life sentence for the murder of the Foster family 25 years ago.

THE slaughter house of Martin Gebhardt, at Covington, was entered by burglars and a quantity of beef carried off.

WM. STONE, wanted in Graves county for attempted rape on Mrs. Roberts, was arrested at Paducah.

OVER THE WORLD IN A WEEK.

—New Jersey has passed the new Congressional redistricting bill.

—United States navy enlistments have closed. The limit is reached.

—A fifteen-inch vein of sand, rich with gold, has been discovered near Boston, Mo.

—The Kansas wheat crop is in better condition than it has been for years at this season.

—Patrick O'Sullivan, in Joliet (Ill.) penitentiary for life for killing Dr. Cronin, is after a new trial.

—While resisting arrest at Pine Bluff, Ark., George Sims, a desperado, was shot dead by a Deputy Sheriff.

—Henry M. Stanley's Zanzibar valet was recently ejected from a California theater on account of his color.

—At Lynnville, Tenn., Town Marshal James Hellmick shot and killed Turner Alexander while resisting arrest.

—A citizen of Logansport, Ind., recently became violently insane, caused by religion and losses in lawsuits.

—Lord Tennyson has declined to write a song for the Chicago World's Fair opening. He says that he is too old.

—At St. Louis last week Frank Casey, colored, hit John Perry, also colored, in the head with a brick and killed him.

—Jozas Hoover, of Goshen, Ind., is before the grand jury for writing a letter in which he called a man a dead-beat.

—While blasting coal near Brazil, Ind., one man was instantly killed and another so badly injured that he died soon after.

—The town of North Washington, Ia., was almost destroyed by fire recently. Supposed to have been the work of incendiaries.

—Kate McClellan, of Springfield, O., was arrested for making Artemus Johnson drunk and allowing her to go home in that condition.

—Harris Gilbert shot and killed his son for trying to prevent the father from shooting a negro over a game of cards at Hartman, Ark.

—It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other. This is about 700 miles a second.

—Mrs. George W. Miller, of Sweet Springs, Mo., committed suicide by the arsenic route because of a criminal assault by a negro.

—The famous Laguna de Tache ranch of 49,000 acres in Tulare county, California, is reported sold to an English syndicate for \$1,000,000.

—The first conversation by telephone between London, England, and Paris, France, was exchanged last week and was highly successful.

—At a reception in his honor at his old home in Macoupin county, Illinois, Senator Palmer said he was not a candidate for Vice President.

—In Australia recently a remarkable feat in sheep-shearing took place. Forty-seven men, in one day of eight hours, took the fleeces off 6,978 sheep.

—The cotton receipts at Savannah, Ga., having reached 1,000,000 bales this year, the event was celebrated with wine and music at the Cotton Exchange.

—Mrs. Mary Cash Chairs, of Bolivar, Tenn., was a remarkable old lady. She predicted about two years ago that she would die on her 94th birthday, and she did it last week.

—Henry Tow, a township trustee of Tipton, Ind., dodged thirteen shots from guns and revolvers, and had Gabe Moffitt and Curt Bass, his sons-in-law, arrested for attempted murder.

—Mrs. Thomas Williams, living near Bradyville, Tenn., has given birth to five children within a year, twins at one time and triplets recently. They are all girls and weighed six pounds each at birth.

—John Stout, of North Lewisburg, O., is not what his name represents. He followed his runaway wife to Mechanicsburg to have her arrested, but weakened when she swept past him without speaking.

—While James Pollock and son were riding in a carriage near Dallas, Penn., recently, they were overtaken by a whirlwind, and the men and carriage were lifted bodily and carried some distance and hurled against a tree. Each of them weighed above 200 pounds. They were badly injured. The whirlwind was confined to a narrow compass and did no other damage.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE W. DEAKE as a candidate for Sheriff of Wolfe County, subject to action of the Democratic party.

—The proceedings of the City Court at Decatur, Ala., were interrupted recently in a novel manner. A trial was being held to compel the Judges of the Probate Court to issue a license authorizing the sale of liquor at Falkville, where a law prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors within three miles of the town. Both sides were largely represented legally, and the court room was crowded. One of the prohibition leaders opposing the issuance of the license, in attempting to hang up his overcoat in full view of the court, accidentally let fall from one of the pockets a flask, which struck the floor with a crash.

—The application of Mary E. Dewey, of Goshen Ind. for an original pension brings to light a queer happening of the war. She served in the Twenty-sixth Ohio Volunteers disguised as a man and passed as Charles Dewey. While in the service she received a gunshot wound in the limb, which furnishes the basis of her claim.

—The Missouri Legislature has passed an Anti-Trust bill making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of \$100 a day for each day that a company or corporation is a member of a Trust which has in view the raising of prices.

—Mrs. Quigley, sister of Arthur Day who was hanged in Canada for pushing his wife over Niagara Falls, confessed just before she died that she incited the murder and helped her brother to push his wife over.

—Rev. Eliphaz Kent, of Shelbyville, one of Indiana's oldest Presbyterian ministers, celebrated his 91st birthday on the 17th inst. His wife gave Vice President Hendricks his earliest education.

—Henry Poe, who claimed to have been mysteriously assaulted when leaving the home of his sweetheart at Columbus, Ind., recently, has confessed he wanted to make her believe he was brave.

—Col. James R. Seely, treasury auditor under Cleveland and a well known Democratic politician, died at Chicago on the 17th inst.

—Wm. Cox, in jail at Anderson, Ind., whittled a key out of wood furnished by his mother, and escaped, but was recaptured.

—Deposits of kaolin recently discovered at Huron, Ind., has raised the value of real estate in that vicinity to fabulous prices.

—Commander-in-Chief Vessey has ordered a general observance on April 6 of the 25th anniversary of the G. A. R.

—An English syndicate, it is said, is about to secure control of the Westinghouse interests.

Unique Law Case.

A case unique in the annals of litigation was decided in Ireland recently. A lady who was among the survivors of the disastrous Armagh Railway accident, and received £800 damages for injuries she sustained, brought further action against the railway company in respect to her infant, which was born prematurely after the accident, and was so malformed that it will probably be an incumbrance for life. The Judges held that the company had entered into no contract to carry the unborn babe. They had issued no ticket for it, and had no knowledge of its being on the train. In the eye of the law the mother was the carrier of the babe, and not the railway company, and she must bear the responsibility. The mother was non-suited accordingly.—London Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, - - - Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, - March 27, 1891.



A CLOSE CALL.

A Story of Love and War.

BY MAJOR ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

I had no appetite for my supper with General Boyle. We left the food unattended, while we discussed Frank Brent's chances.

"There are two Kentuckians in Washington," I said, "who should have weight with the President if they were to intercede. I am sure they know Frank's kinsmen, if they do not know him."

"Who are they?" asked the General. "Tom Speed and Judge-Advocate General Holt."

"By Jove, Captain, I did not think of them!" exclaimed the old man, as he started to his feet. "Join me in a telegram and we will send it at once."

"N. B.—At this time, the word 'telegram' had not come into use.)

We hurried into the telegraph office, and within ten minutes the message was being flashed to Washington, there to be duplicated and copies sent to Tom Speed and General Holt.

As a drowning man is said to clutch at a straw, so I drew comfort from what we had done and at once went down to the prison to communicate the fact to Carrie Brent and her brother. I passed the guards about the enclosure; passed the guard pacing before the door, and came to a halt on the threshold. Within I saw ten soldiers wearing their side arms and standing at parade rest. It was my first experience with a military execution, but I did not need to be told that those men were the death watch and that they or their relief would remain with the condemned man till he stood on the scaffold and the trap was sprung.

A dim lamp, suspended from the heavy, rough-hewn cross-beams, revealed the prisoner and his sister seated beneath it, while in front of them stood the old, white-haired post chaplain, himself a Kentuckian.

That picture impressed me powerfully. The rain came down on the shingled roof with the rattle of a hundred miniature drums to the accompaniment of the wind's shrill fling. I had grown familiar with funeral dirges and hurried burial services, and although I never witnessed one unmoored, the most solemn of them had never affected me as did the preparations for death going on before my eyes.

Many a night when lying near the mangled dead and listening to the heart-rending cries of the wounded, I have cursed the cruel barbarities of war, and this feeling of loathing has grown on me with the years. As I looked in at the white face and loved form of the woman dearer to me than life, I felt like shrieking out a protest against the conditions that, without any deserving, had crushed her pure, brave heart.

After a few words of exhortation that impressed me as being the very essence of heart-born eloquence, the old chaplain began Tom Moore's exquisite sacred song: "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye wander, and despair no more, in which the prisoner and his sister joined, I went in and sat down beside her, and with a broken voice I tried, as did the stolid guards, to give emphasis to the closing line: "Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven can not heal."

Promising to call again before daylight, the chaplain went out about twelve o'clock, and the fury of the storm seemed to be intensified by the silence. I made an effort to speak, but realizing how weak words were for my purpose, I whispered to Carrie that I would go down to the telegraph office and find out if a message had been received from Washington.

"No word yet, sir," replied the operator to my inquiry; and he added, as he bent his ear over the receiving instrument, "I'm afraid we can get no news from Washington to-night."

"Why not?" I asked.

"The storm covers a wide area," said the operator, "and I fear our communication with the North will be shut off before morning."

"Has this happened before?"

"Yes; several times."

"And how long before repairs were made?"

"The shortest time was twenty-four hours," said the operator.

Feeling that even the elements were arrayed against the unfortunate pris-

oner, I made my way back to the log house.

Carrie gave me a quick, searching look but she asked no questions; she knew as well as I had told her that no word of comfort had been received from Washington.

I suggested to Frank to lie down, but he shook his head and said, grimly: "The time is short to spend it in sleep. When the end has come one can rest through eternity."

It seemed as if the sun had gone down for the last time, so long was the night. Just before daylight the chaplain returned, and, thankful for the excuse his presence gave me, I again sought the telegraph office. There I found General Boyle, and he did not need to tell me that he had not closed his eyes in sleep during the night.

In answer to my question, the operator said:

"The direct lines working west from Washington are down."

"Then," I gasped, "you can not communicate with the North?"

"Yes, Cincinnati has just said that they were about to operate over the long circuit by way of Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and south along the coast, but as the storm is moving rapidly in that direction, I shall not be surprised to find all communication shut off before ten o'clock," said the operator.

While we stood bending over the instrument on whose mysterious ticking so much depended, the gray dawn of a stormy day stole in the room, and the reveille went ringing through the camp.

I looked at my watch; it was ten minutes to six. In four hours Frank Brent would be standing in the place of execution. I turned in the direction of which I could hear the hammering of the men making the scaffold ready.

I was about to walk out with the General when the clicking increased in a feverish way, and the operator called out: "Wait, gentlemen, I think there is something coming soon!"

We turned back and bent over him, reading the words as they came from his pencil:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10, 1863. —General J. Boyle, Commandant Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.—The President directs me to say that after an interview with Messrs. Speed and Holt he deems it best for the interest of the service."

Then the writing stopped and the clicking died out while the operator nervously worked the switchboard key, but without making a sound.

"What is up?" asked the General, his strong face twitching with excitement. "The lines are down to the North; we are shut off from Washington, and we must remain so at least for the day," said the man.

CHAPTER V.

The General picked up the paper, and after reading over the few words in three different ways he exclaimed: "I think I have enough to act on!"

"And you will postpone the execution," I asked.

"Yes, I feel justified in doing so till I hear further from Washington."

Without waiting to hear more I fairly flew down to the military prison. It was of Carrie I had been thinking, for Carrie I had been hoping and praying. She saw me coming, and in her awful eagerness she ran to meet me. She must have divined my message before I spoke, for her white face flushed and the hunted expression fled her eyes. Crying out in a broken voice she said: "You threw her arms about my neck, and our lips met in forgiveness and rejoicing."

At ten o'clock that morning the troop wagons were ready to draw out, and my ten stood by their horses impatient for the order to mount. I had bade Carrie and her brother good-bye, and her last words were still ringing like music in my ears: "What you have done for me and mine, Harry Watts, can never be forgotten."

Holding my hand, General Boyle said: "Find out if Brent was in Powell's Valley at the date he claims, and, if you can get evidence to corroborate his statement, send it through by one of your scouts at once. If this is not done, the postponement which I have assumed may turn out to be a great misfortune to all concerned."

The old soldier knew the secret of my interest. I promised to do all that lay in my power, then, with mutual prayers for the success of our common cause, I swung into the saddle, the bugle sounded, and my troop rode out of Camp Dick Robinson.

On the crest of the slope, winding to the southeast, I turned and lifted my hat, and, through the mist and storm, I saw the flutter of a white scarf, like an angel's wing, and I felt that there was one Union troop followed by the prayers of a Confederate woman.

This was my second visit to Camp Dick Robinson. When here before we were preparing under General Thomas to advance against Zollicoffer, whose host, untrained and boastful, was raiding the shores of the Cumberland. War seemed a great thing to me in those days, when nearly every regiment marched to the stirring strains of its own brass band, and when every private had more impediments than a Major-General carried now. Then the trappings of the horse were regalia, and the splendor and the officers were moving pictures framed in blue and gold, and shoulder-straps were so beautiful and novel that it was said some of the younger men were then when in bed,

The regimental banners, aside from what they symbolized, were things of shimmering, silken beauty; now they were shredded and riddled, and blood-stained, but those very rents had become eloquent with memories that thrilled us as the new flags never did.

Our officers carried no insignia to distinguish them from the men. The trappings of the horses were rusty and cracked, our uniforms were faded and some of them richly patched; our carbines had lost the gloss of finish; our troop gun was a tattered, faded rag, and the scabbards of our sabers were dented and worn. The cheer, the song and the wild halloo of exultant youth were no longer heard in camp or on the march. On the faces of the youngest, and the oldest man in that troop was not twenty-seven, there were set lines that made them stern, lines that had been burned deep in the furnace heat of battle. But though not so fair to the eye, each one of those men was worth ten of the volunteers of the early war.

Our march to Cumberland Gap was over the route taken by Bragg's army a year before, when, after the fierce fight at Perryville, they fell leisurely back, laden with the rich spoils of Central Kentucky, while the tardy Union legions made only a show of pursuit. Still, the track of that unhurried retreat was visible through every defile of the tempest-tossed Cumberland range.

The log cabins, clinging like old bird's nests to the mountain ledges, were abandoned or inhabited only by women and children. The fences that had inclosed their patches of potatoes and corn were gone, and the men who had built them were in the field or sleeping on it. Along the hard, rutty trail lay scattered the debris of war's flood: broken wagons, the skeletons of mules and horses, and ash spouts, marking the site of old camps, here and there a grave; and over all the naked crests and rain-washed valleys the spirit of silence and desolation.

Now and then we caught sight of a horseman far off from the line of march, and the fact that he kept out of reach convinced us that he was one of the enemy's scouts, from whom we had nothing to fear. Now and then a puff of smoke could be seen spurring out from some cliff, far overhead, and we crack of a bushwhacker's rifle would follow. If no harm was done, we passed on unheeding; if a man was shot, we encircled the mountain, and never returned with a prisoner. And so for six days we pushed our way through to Cumberland Gap.

CHAPTER VI.

On the evening of the seventh day we went into camp not far from Claiborne creek and well below the Gap. Since noon we had been hearing the hoarse booming of guns coming from the South. Longstreet was making his last fierce assault on Fort Saunders, sixty miles away, but the conformation of the valley carried the sound without break, till even to trained ears the fighting seemed less than an hour's hot ride below.

Our proximity to Longstreet's corps and to the booming of his cannon did not increase our vigilance, that had never been abated. The hope of soon rejoicing my regiment cheered my men who now began to speculate as to the old friends they should find left to greet them, for the men who had led them on our way had been badly cut up at Campbell's station while trying to check Longstreet's advance from before Chattanooga.

While I did not permit my love for Carrie Brent to lead me to the interests of the cause in which I was enlisted, still she was never out of my mind, and besides this, I felt that it was my duty as a man and a soldier to save her brother or if I could. We were now on the edge of the mountains that had seen in the past when John Harding was killed near Perryville, and I determined to secure whatever evidence might be in his favor.

Had just eaten supper and was enjoying a smoke with my only lieutenant, Walter Arnold, when a mounted trooper rode up to the fire, a cocked pistol in his right hand and a gaunt old man, with leathery cheeks and butternut clothes, muttering behind him:

"Come into our lines, sir," said the trooper, saluting with the hand that held the pistol, "and says he wants to see the officer in command."

This man was a fair type of hundreds of the men who had been in the early part of the war. He was as straight as an Indian and there was much of the aborigine in his complexion and impassive bearing.

The soldier turned and rode away, and before I could frame a question to put to the prisoner, he advanced boldly to the fire, and in the peculiar accent of the mountain men in that region he said:

"It's a fine ev'nin', Kernel."

"It might be worse," I replied.

With inimitable coolness, the old man took a bite from a plug of tobacco, then, sitting down on his haunches beside me, he asked:

"Is he the head one here?"

"I am."

"Hear from Kaintuck?"

"Yes."

"A gwine on ter help wouns 'an Meester Burnsides down Knoxville way?"

"Yes."

"Wa'l, he needs all the help he kin git."

"I suppose so."

"Ya-as, indeedy, But I say, Kernel."

"What a it?" I asked, my amazement

at the old man's coyness and loquacity increasing every moment.

"That's right smart deenger 'tween har 'an Knoxville."

"That isn't news," I said.

"I reckon not, but it's a heap sight wuss'n 'yous think foh. 'Yer, thar's Chenoweth's men, 'an' Wheeler's men, 'an' Brent's Parissian Rangers jist a swamin' har 'bout's."

Feeling that it was my place to do the questioning, I checked him and asked: "Did you say Brent's Parissian Rangers are near here?"

"Ya-as, Kernel, har nigh onter goin' two month's," he said, promptly, adding, after he had sent a stream of saliva into the fire: "An' a on-ri-ar-ler lot o' founs I ain't never seed."

"Is Captain Brent with them?"

"No, he left."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Bet your life I did."

"When did you see him last?"

Before answering this question the old man shut one eye, cocked the other contemplatively up at the sky, and began stroking the gray tuft of hair on his chin with both hands. At length he said: "I remember hit was nigh onter 'bout the middle o' last month. He was over near my place when he started off alone foh Kaintuck. Two board his men say ez how hit was all coz o' a woman, for sich I sez moah fool he. But I wish they'd all clared out 'bout the same time."

This certainly confirmed Frank Brent's story. Concealing the pleasure the old man's words gave me, I determined to take him in hand seriously.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"George McKee," he answered, promptly.

"On which side do you stand?"

"On the side o' the Gov'ment 'an' Aist Tennessee."

"Been in the army?"

"Ya-as, kinder off 'an on 'like; but I can't go too far away from the ole home, 'an' hessender I got two boys a fightin' foh the Gov'ment. Did have three, but one got shot down Shiloh way 'long with Meester Nelson."

"What commands are your sons with?"

"One's in the Second Aist Tennessee Cavalry, but ustor be Keesahb's critter regiment foh he got to begin 'lar, 'an' the other—that's Mike, he's 'long with Meester Nelson."



THE INTERVIEW WITH MCKEE.

With Martin's Battery B. Aist Tonn'see, fightin' foh the Gov'ment," and the old man emphasized this declaration by an order bombardment of the fire.

I questioned him at length, and became convinced that he was a great 'n'timal and that his object in seeking me was to guide me through to Knoxville by a route that would free me from the swarms of Confederate horsemen then in that part of the State.

After a visit of two hours, McKee rose and said:

"I'll be back long afosh sun up, 'an' I'll be ready to pilot you plum down to the Holston, but ez hit ain't wise to have fellers hold carbines to yer heads, whet our explain, I'd be obleeged, if you'd give me a writin' that'll make me free to come 'an' go, az if I was one o' 'yours."

I gave the old man a pass, ordered a trooper to see him through our picket line, and after he had gone, I wrote out all I had heard about Frank Brent and had Lieutenant Arnold sign with me. To make sure of getting the information through to Camp Dick Robinson I decided to entrust the letter to McKee, and to send him back as soon as I felt sure of my ground.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Spreading for Leagues Around.

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which give them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with any adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—poor folk alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and it is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

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COMBS HOUSE,

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The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention for the comfort of guests.

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WITH THE "OLD RELIABLE"
Hat House of W. S. Dickinson & Co.,
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Printed in the best style and at lowest rates in the office. Send us your order.

AGAINST ALIENS.

Foreigners Forbidden to Purchase Lands or Interests Therein in Kentucky.

Not Shall Lands Be Held By Aliens Longer Than Eight Years.

The Constitutional Convention seized the opportunity to take a whack at pretty near all those portions of creation not already covered. One of the adopted sections expresses the antipathy of the delegates to the alien land-owner, and serves notice to such wealthy English gentlemen as are now engaged in building up and civilizing Eastern Kentucky that they are not wanted and must keep hands off. Salaries were tampered with some more, and the rule was laid down that no official in the State should be allowed to receive over \$5,000 annually except the Governor. The office of Public Printer was abolished, and a provision inserted requiring that all printing in the future shall be done under the contract system. Of course it will be said to say adieu to that popular and distinguished printer, journalist and warrior, Col. E. Polk Johnson, but candor compels the writer to pronounce this innovation a most excellent one. It is purely a legislative function, this provision; but as the General Assembly always seemed to take too much pleasure in toying with those who scrambled for the place and would have, doubtless, held on to the old system, the Convention's action, in this particular, should be commended.

One of the principal features of today's session was the speech of George Washington, of Newport, it was in support of an additional section to the General Provisions report, offered by him requiring that in all trials of civil cases a verdict may be rendered by three-fourths of the jury, which shall have the same force and effect as if concurred in by all the jurors. The speech shows careful study and preparation, and was an able presentation of the reform advocated by the gentleman from Campbell. It was equally as forcible as his speech upon the secret ballot, and the two efforts will rank among the ablest and most notable delivered before the Convention. Mr. Washington is undoubtedly one of the best equipped men in the Convention.

There were numerous motions entered to reconsider again, today, and it is evident that the overhauling of the adopted articles will consume a great deal of time. Many of the delegates think they will finish up by the middle of April; but it is really questionable whether May 1 will see the end. There are six reports yet to be considered.

The general provisions report was taken up at Section 21, Sections 19 and 20 being passed over by agreement until the return of absent members. It was adopted without amendment, and requires that on the adoption of the Constitution by the people the Governor shall appoint three persons, learned in the law, who shall revise the statute laws of the State to conform to and efface the Constitution. Such revision must be laid before the General Assembly for adoption or rejection.

Dr. Farmer submitted an additional section providing that no alien should be allowed to hold property longer than eight years. This elicited a great deal of discussion. Among the speakers were Messrs. Farmer, Bullitt, Mackey, McDermott, Laban T. Moore, Jacobs, Goebel and others.

Mr. Jacobs thought that the section really enlarged the rights of aliens. The common law rule prohibited an alien from holding land in Kentucky at all. He deprecated the adoption of such a provision as unnecessary, showing also that the treaty regulations of the Federal Government were superior to and controlled the statute regulations of the Commonwealth concerning aliens.

Mr. Mackey dissented from this view, thinking the delegate from Boyle was mistaken. If his position was correct, Mr. Mackey said aliens could be protected likewise in their marriage and other relations differing from the established custom.

Mr. Goebel, for the committee, submitted a substitute for the Farmer section. It contained similar restrictions, putting the common law more forcibly.

Mr. McDermott thought it unwise to establish a great rule of property upon the spur of the moment, especially when distinguished lawyers upon the floor of the convention differed about it. He wanted the whole matter left to the Legislature.

Mr. Sachs also opposed the measure.

The previous question being ordered, the substitute offered by Mr. Goebel was adopted—yeas 37, nays 34. It is as follows:

"No one not a citizen of the United States or who has not lawfully declared his intention to become such a citizen shall acquire by purchase any lands or interest therein in this Commonwealth; nor shall any one not a citizen of the United States hold or own any lands or interest therein for a term longer than eight years."—Frankfort Cor. Courier-Journal.

DISGUSTED BY PROTECTION.

A South American Says It Shuts Them Out Like a Stone Wall.

Anselmo Morago, Chilean representative at the Pan American Congress, in an interview with a Chicago newspaper man, said:

"The Pan American Congress will not do this country one bit of good. It was a foolish expenditure of Uncle Sam's money, and it might as well have been saved. Look at the intended trip through the South. Just one delegate would have gone. We have seen enough of this country and want to get home. We are more than satisfied that the United States does not want the trade of the Spanish countries. Some of the merchants are in sympathy with us, but they are powerless. Your Government does not want to trade with us, and if we had known that eight months ago, the invitation to look over your industries would never have been accepted. Today the United States stands with a massive stone wall around it. We see no place to enter and we can't very well tear it down to bring in our goods."

"The cry of 'protection' has heartily disgusted all of the Spanish delegates, and they will only be glad to get home and begin the work of bettering our trade relations with foreign countries. We don't ask you to allow manufactured goods to enter free of duty. Free trade, in every sense of the word, would be injurious to the United States, and almost as bad as the present state. I don't think that Chili will feel quite so friendly to this country after this. Our Government has taken off all duties on all kinds of machinery, and every week mining machinery from this country is shipped to Chili. We don't charge you a duty, yet when we try to send our wool here you shut out our trade by high tariff. We are not going to force our trade upon you."

"We feel sorry that the expensive trip over the United States will not be worth two cents to the people who so royally entertained us, but that is not our fault. It lies entirely with your Government. If your tariff laws had been amended before we came then the result would have been totally different. We have seen what a grand country you have here, but before the Government gets ready to trade with us it is possible we will have forgotten you."

A LETTER FROM TEXAS.

A Wolfe County Girl Tells Our Readers About Life in the West.

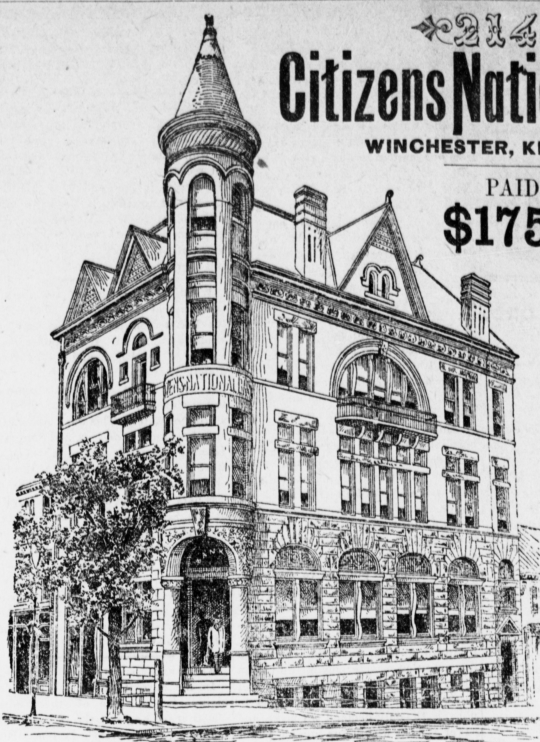
FLOYD, HUNT COUNTY, TEXAS, March 14, 1891.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I am just a little homesick today and feel like writing a eulogy to my dear old mountain home in Wolfe, but it is the unparadise sin for a person who came from the mountains to intimate that they are homesick to a Texan. When a Texan asks you where you came from, and you say from the mountains of Kentucky, they will twist their necks and say, "Aren't you so glad to get out of those horrid hills?" I have met very few native Texans. Most of the people in Hunt county came from the Middle Atlantic States. I was very much surprised at the country being so well improved. I had heard a great deal about the "Wild West," but it lacks a great deal of being wild. This is fine farming country, and the muddest place on earth when it rains. People frequently have to stop in the middle of the road and clean their feet. When they get mud on their feet so that they can't walk, they say they are "bogged." Cows and horses bog as well as people. The wind blows all the time here. There have not been any storms since we have been here, but we are living in a dread of the famous equinoctial storms that are so violent here in the spring. Well, Mr. Editor, this is the land of bachelors. I am aiming to try my luck in trapping for one who lives just across the way from us, (but don't you tell papa or he will make me come home). If I am not successful I will be home in a short time. I am enjoying my visit finely. Don't let my Kentucky boys all marry while I am gone.

SALLIE E. GRAHAM.

P. S.—Please send me a few copies of THE HERALD.

While Philip Volz was driving piles on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, near Mayeville, last week, the pile broke and the hammer, weighing thirty-eight hundred pounds, fell upon his right arm, completely pulverizing it in the elbow down. Volz is in a critical condition. His home is in Dayton, Ky., where he has a wife and family.



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EDITING A NEWSPAPER

Is Not the Soft Soap Some Sap-Heads Think It To Be.

"There is nothing in the paper," said a young friend, dashing it to the floor. "Nothing at all; it's miserable, stupid." Look again, my dear friend, at the carefully printed columns, the different headed lines. Foreign, home and domestic news, the wit and humor. Think for a moment when you gaze at it how hard the editor has tried to please you. There is probably no class of men more overworked than these, no labor more wearing than mental labor. It is so easy to cry out, "Nothing in the paper," for those who know little of the drudgery, the painstaking, the hours of mental weariness, the tedious compositions. It is a common thing for a person, when not exactly suited, to exclaim, "There is nothing in the paper." In a railroad car I once observed two gentlemen purchase copies of the same edition of a paper. One soon handed his to a neighbor, exclaiming, "Here, Sam, have the morning paper. There is nothing in it today, it is hardly worth reading." The other gentleman continued to be absorbed. Presently the man by his side asked him what interested him so much. "Everything," the paper is well gotten up this morning; the editorials are especially fine." This proves that what pleases one does not suit the other. Be assured that it is no child's play to edit a newspaper. It is a very tedious, and important, responsible position, and the man who manages a well circulated, satisfactory newspaper has almost the wisdom of a Solomon. Let those who doubt take the editor's place for a while; nothing more is needed for a grumbler. Our friend, when he is tempted to make such silly remarks, had better pause to consider whether the fault be in the paper or his silly little head.—Exchange.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dyke's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, and manhood health. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you Belt and Appliances on a trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Pulverized His Arm.

While Philip Volz was driving piles on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, near Mayeville, last week, the pile broke and the hammer, weighing thirty-eight hundred pounds, fell upon his right arm, completely pulverizing it in the elbow down. Volz is in a critical condition. His home is in Dayton, Ky., where he has a wife and family.

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SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE

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TO ALL POINTS

NORTH, EAST, WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

FAST LINE BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT FEB. 15, 1891.

SOUTH BOUND.	No. 2 Daily Express	No. 4 Daily Fst L'e	No. 6 Accom. Daily Ex. Sun.		
Cincinnati.....Le	8 10 am	8 00 pm	2 20 pm		
Covington.....Ar	8 18 am	8 08 pm	2 26 pm		
Paris.....Ar	11 18 am	10 23 pm	5 30 pm		
Lexington.....Ar	12 10 pm	11 00 pm	6 20 pm		
Paris.....Le	11 27 am	5 37 pm		
Winchester.....Ar	12 10 pm	6 15 pm		
Richmond.....Ar	1 35 pm	7 20 pm		
Livingston.....Ar	3 05 pm		
Corbin.....Ar	4 50 pm		
Middlesboro.....Ar	7 25 pm		
Cumberland Gap.....Ar	7 50 pm		
Corbin.....Le	4 50 pm		
Williamsburg.....Ar	5 45 pm		
Jellies.....Ar	6 20 pm		
Richmond.....Le	1 50 pm		
Lancaster.....Ar	4 45 pm		
Stanford.....Ar	5 20 pm		
NORTH BOUND.	No. 1 Daily Express	No. 3 Daily Fst L'e	No. 5 Daily Ex. Sun.		
Stanford.....Le	7 00 am		
Lancaster.....Le	7 50 am		
Richmond.....Le	10 15 am		
Jellies.....Le	8 15 am		
Williamsburg.....Le	8 50 am		
Corbin.....Le	9 35 am		
Cum'd Gap.....Le	6 25 am		
Middlesboro.....Le	6 45 am		
Corbin.....Le	9 25 am		
Livingston.....Le	11 05 am		
Richmond.....Le	6 05 am	12 46 pm		
Winchester.....Le	6 55 am	1 40 pm		
Paris.....Le	7 45 am	2 35 pm		
Lexington.....Le	7 00 am	2 40 pm	3 45 pm		
Paris.....Ar	7 53 am	2 45 pm	4 25 pm		
Cincinnati.....Ar	10 44 am	5 40 pm	6 37 pm		
Cincinnati.....Ar	10 50 am	5 50 pm	6 45 pm		

W. L. MUNSON, Trav. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, Ohio.

S. R. ANNOTT, C. P. ARMOUR, Traffic Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt., General Offices, Louisville, Ky.

S. F. B. MORSE, Asst Gen' Pass. Agt., Office, Chamber of Commerce Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

No. 2. Daily to all points except Rowland Division, which is daily except Sunday.
No. 1. Runs daily from Lexington to Cincinnati.
No. 2. Runs daily.
No. 3. Runs daily from all stations except the Rowland Division, which is daily except Sunday.
No. 4. Daily except Sunday.
No. 5. Daily between Cincinnati and Lexington.
Nos. 2 and 6 make connections at Winchester for points on the S. M. & V. R. D.
No. 2. Carries through cars from Cincinnati to Middlesboro and Cumberland Gap and all intermediate stations and runs daily.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 4th, 1891.

—THE—

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OLD POINT & THE SEA SHORE,

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CHATTANOOGA, MEMPHIS,

And all Points West and Northwest, and South and Southwest.

EAST BOUND.		Le	Express Daily	Fast Ex. Sun.	Fast M'l Daily	Accom. Daily Ex. Sun.
Louisville.....Le	2 35 pm	7 45 am
Lexington.....Ar	6 10 pm	11 40 am	8 25 pm
Winchester.....Ar	6 55 pm	12 45 pm	6 35 pm
Mt. Sterling.....Ar	7 20 pm	1 25 pm	6 30 pm
Olive Hill.....Ar	9 00 pm	3 35 pm	10 15 pm
Ashtland.....Ar	10 30 pm	5 35 pm
Cattlettsburg.....Ar	10 45 pm	5 50 pm
Huntington.....Ar	11 07 pm	6 25 pm

WEST BOUND.		Le	Express Daily	Fast Ex. Sun.	Fast M'l Daily	Accom. Daily Ex. Sun.
Charleston.....Le	11 21 am	12 50 am
Huntington.....Le	1 10 pm	6 00 am
Cattlettsburg.....Le	1 20 pm	6 25 am
Ashtland.....Le	1 40 pm	6 35 am
Olive Hill.....Le	2 50 pm	8 47 am	6 45 am
Mt. Sterling.....Le	4 32 pm	10 02 am	6 25 am
Winchester.....Le	5 12 pm	11 45 am	7 15 am
Lexington.....Le	5 45 pm	12 40 pm	8 10 am
Louisville.....Le	9 15 pm	4 50 pm	12 15 pm

LIMITED VESTIBULE EXPRESS runs daily and has Vestibule Pullman Buffet Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington, Washington, New York and Old Point Comfort. This train is made up of the celebrated

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East of Huntington on the C. & O. route.

FAST MAIL TRAINS run daily except Sunday between Lexington and Huntington. Make direct connections at Lexington with C. & O. At Ashland with S. V. R. At Winchester with C. R. R. north and south bound, and at Lexington with L. & N. L. S. and C. N. O. & T. P. Railroads.

LEXINGTON AND OLIVE HILL ACCOMMODATION, daily except Sunday. Connects at Winchester and from K. C. points, and at Lexington with L. & N. R. K. for Louisville.

For full information in regard to Rates, Routes, etc., apply to any Agent of this or connecting lines, or to

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, - - Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:

FRIDAY, - March 27, 1891.



FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,

HON. M. C. ALFORD,

OF FAYETTE COUNTY,

Subject to action of the Democratic Party.

EDITORIAL BRIEVITIES.

Some people are so opposed to nudity that it makes them uneasy to be in the presence of the naked truth.

The Con. Con. doomed development in Eastern Kentucky by its action against aliens. Home capitalists will do nothing.

The row between the Census Bureau and New York City threatens to last until it is time to begin taking the next census.

Rhode Island is a very small State, but she has four gubernatorial tickets in the field this year, and she has no Farmers Alliance either.

La Grippe seems disposed to make another tour of this country. It will not be difficult to get along without this Russian importation.

Every man feels disposed at some period of his life to write a book. It is said that United States Treasurer Huston is rapidly approaching that period. He has our sympathy.

It looks now as if the Chilean insurgents would soon be in absolute control of the Government. How few of us appreciate as we should the privilege of living under a stable government.

Senator Gorman is to be presented with a silver punch bowl by the Baltimore Democrats. The punch that the Maryland Farmers Alliance will try to give him this fall isn't the kind usually put in bowls.

San Diego, California, and Pensacola, Florida, according to a report of the Marine Hospital Bureau, have the honor of having the lowest death rate of any cities in the United States. Charleston, South Carolina, has the highest.

This is a queer old world. The F. M. B. A. members of the Illinois Legislature were abused because they did not end the Legislative dead lock, and now that they have ended it they are abused all the more. The man who can please everybody hasn't yet been born.

It is now stated that it will be necessary to first get Germany's consent before the Behring's Sea difficulty can be arbitrated. Alaska has been more trouble to Uncle Sam than all the rest of his big domain, and nobody has been benefited by its purchase except the Alaska Fur Company.

Few gatherings of men have taken place in this country the deliberations of which were more carefully watched than will be those of the Commercial Congress of the Western States, which will assemble at Kansas City April 15. When this movement was started it was not intended that it should be in any sense political, but owing to circumstances it may turn out to be a very important factor in the political events of the Presidential year. Many politicians will be guided by the action of this body, and it will be well for everybody to note its actions.

It seems foolish for the Italian Government and the Italian residents of this country to be indulging in belligerent talk because of the lynching of the twelve Italian members of the murderous society known as the "Mafia," which has terrorized New Orleans for a long time, by the people of that city. They were not killed as Italians, but as proven murderers who had defrauded justice by corrupting a jury, and they would have met the same fate had they been native Americans. We do not favor lynch law as a regular method for meting out justice, but in some cases nothing else will do it so well and so speedily.

Since our last issue an anonymous letter mailed at the Hazel Green postoffice, and intended for us, though addressed to another person, was intercepted and destroyed. This we regret very much, for, though we make it a rule not to publish anything unless it is signed by a responsible party, we should have departed from our custom in this particular case and have given the communication the airing it deserved. We did not get it, and we are therefore denied the pleasure we might otherwise today have enjoyed. The young man who did get it and who destroyed it, says that it was insulting, filthy and threatening. Anonymous communications are the weapons of the Communist, but for six years or more we have lived in this community and at peace with the world, not dreaming that any organization so dangerous to society as the Commune was secretly working in our midst. And even now, notwithstanding the threats of the anonymous letter writer, there is not a man, woman, or child, of whatever political or religious faith, to whom we can not extend the right-hand of fellowship and back it up with our friendship. Personally we have not an iota of ill-will toward any fellow mortal in the whole world, however much we may differ with them. It is the province of a newspaper to stand up for the rights guaranteed to American citizens, and this prerogative we intend to exercise so long as we run this paper, at least. Affairs of Church and State come within the scope of a newspaper, and whenever the people's rights are trampled upon, no matter in how small a minority that people may be, we intend to defend those rights. Equal and exact justice to all, with special privileges to none, is the only demand we make, and so far as rests within our humble power we shall insist upon this demand being complied with. THE HERALD has nothing but right. It will insist upon having right. In this simple demand we have the endorsement of all intelligent people, and they condemn the anonymous letter-writer in severe terms. Now, in conclusion, we wish to respectfully remind the Communist correspondent that anonymous letters and bull-dozing threats will in no wise deter us from doing our duty as we see it, and doing it upon all occasions. If, however, this Communist course is endorsed by the people of this community they have only to say so, and we will depart in peace. Better that than to be murdered by an assassin.

Our young friend Alford, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, is every day adding to his army of supporters enthusiastic admirers. They are drawn to him by a desire to do their duty towards one who has already done so much for Democratic success in this State. He has been politically and personally weighed in the scale of public opinion, and in no case found wanting. He fills the measure of man to a heaping level, and all who love to honor one of God's truly noble sons have rallied to his standard. "Alford for second place" is the slogan of his supporters, and right merrily it rings through the corridors of the grand old Commonwealth. His followers are already assured of his nomination, and that he will be elected by an overwhelming majority is a foregone conclusion.

J. L. Elliston, of Mt. Sterling, is said to be making a gallant fight for the nomination for Attorney-General on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Elliston is said to be well learned in the law, an eloquent speaker, and he would doubtless fill the position he aspires to with ability. But what about the gifted Jack Hendrick? It is more than probable that he has already received the promises of a large number of "the dear people," and in that case they are certainly "not for Joseph." Either one of the gentlemen would suit us admirably, but our friend Hendrick probably made himself solid ere neighbor Joe announced.

Mark the prediction. If designing politicians succeed in putting three tickets in the field, which will certainly be attempted, the Republicans party will scoop all the State offices. It is, therefore, important that every member of the Old Guard, the valiant Democracy, should stand by his guns and see that they are not "spiked" by any misguided sentiment. Precinct and district organization should be looked after, and every precaution taken against possible defeat.

There is a warm race for the Democratic nomination for Superintendent of Public Instruction, but our entry, Col. John O. Hodges, seems to be the favorite in the pools.

Dr. Clardy is adding fresh laurels to his brow, and nearly every mail brings news of his having been enthusiastically received at some point.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston died at his residence in Washington on Saturday night, from the effects of a cold contracted while attending Gen. Sherman's funeral recently. He was born at Cherry Grove, Va., in 1807, and graduated from West Point in 1829, in the same class with Robert E. Lee. He served in the Mexican and Civil wars, and was the last, save Gen. Beauregard, of the six full Generals of the Confederacy.

Woodford W. Longmoor, the Clerk of the Court of Appeals, died suddenly in the Convention hall at Frankfort on Friday evening last. While talking with a party of gentlemen, and almost immediately after the remark that he never felt better in his life, his face was seen to twitch as from pain, and he called for a drink of water. This was handed him, and he drank it and seemed to revive. Leaning upon the arm of a friend he started to go to his office, but at the door of the hall remarked that his left leg was paralyzed (the other was amputated at the hip during the war.) He was laid upon a sofa in the cloak room, and his family hastily summoned, but he expired in a few minutes and was never conscious of the presence of his loved ones. The Court will probably appoint Green B. Adams, his deputy and brother-in-law, to the position until August, when his successor will be elected.

Kentucky Reserved for Kentuckians. In the current number of the fortnightly Review, one of the leading magazines of England, the Duke of Marlborough, who, as everybody remembers, married Mrs. Hammersley, of New York, has a very entertaining article on horse-breeding in Kentucky. It closes with this advice to his English friends:

"Go to Kentucky and see for yourself what the country is: Your ancestors went out there 150 years ago, and their descendants live there. There is plenty of room for more: there are plenty of farms to be had for prices you can afford to give. You will enjoy a refined home in which to settle and bring up your children. Instead of going to the North to invest in prairie lands, turn your steps to Kentucky, and you will bless me for having written these few notes on the old homesteads of Kentucky and admirable breed of trotting horses."

On Tuesday last the Convention which has been so long sitting at Frankfort, Ky., engaged in the drafting of a new Constitution, which is to be presented, when they get through, if they ever do get through, to the voters of the grand old Commonwealth for approval or rejection, adopted, in Committee of the Whole, the following provision:

"No one not a citizen of the United States or who has not lawfully declared his intention to become such a citizen, shall acquire by purchase any lands or interest therein in this Commonwealth; nor shall any one not a citizen of the United States hold or own any lands or interest therein for a term longer than eight years."

Now, this is not a new feature in law. Aside from the eight year scheme—which no Court ought to, and probably none will, sustain against a vested right—it has been often heard of. It was the common law of Great Britain; and both Coke and Blackstone eloquently sustain it, upon the ground that foreigners ought not to be permitted to overcome a country through the purchase of its soil.

Many of our States have, by statute, established the same principle; and, in memory serves, the Congress of the United States has placed restrictions upon foreign purchase of vast tracts of our National domain.

But, if Kentucky will kindly permit the suggestion, a State Constitution is not a good place in which to legislate. The people may change their minds, and it is hard to change a Constitution. The best of Constitutions are those that are shortest. Aside from the outline of Government and the Bill of Rights little is needed. When you go beyond and seek in the fundamental law, to usurp the province of legislation, you make sad and serious trouble for coming generations.

It is better to leave legislation to the Legislature.—Cin. Enquirer, March 20.

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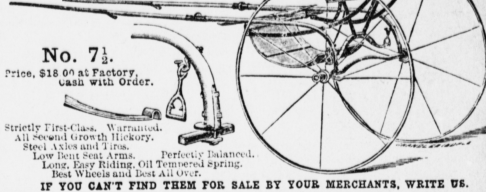
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SEATING CAPACITY 150.

Fresh Oysters at all seasons. Blue Points, Saddle Rocks, New York Counts and Mobile Counts.

REGULAR MEALS 25 CENTS.

Meals to order at all hours. Delicacies of the season always on hand.

The most complete and modern kitchen in the State. Among the recent additions is a Miller Improved Range, the finest in the world, with eighteen fires, six steaming attachments, two large boilers, and hot and cold water reservoirs. This range will cook anything from a half a beef to a tid-bit of sweetbread, and is the only one of the kind in Kentucky.

A hearty welcome and the most courteous treatment to all.

GUS LUIGART, Proprietor.

J. M. KELLY, President. WM. BRIGHT, Secretary and Treasurer.

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Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

ALL TRANSCIENT ADVERTISING MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

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Liberal rates on larger advertisements made known on application.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, etc., 3c. a line. Count six words to the line and send money with the manuscript. We will write obituaries and publish at 5 cents a line.

Local notices to be interspersed among reading matter, 5 cents a line, with a discount of 5 per cent. where they run a month or more.

Marriage and death notices, not exceeding ten lines, solicited and published FREE.

SENTINEL FOR REGULAR ADVERTISING PAYABLE QUARTERLY ON DEMAND.

Address: SPOONER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.

Where does the Commune meet?

Three new pupils entered the Academy Monday.

Taylor Day and W. O. Mize attended Court at West Liberty Monday, returning home Tuesday.

Lewis Wright, a well known citizen of Mt. Sterling, suicided by jumping into a cistern.

Mrs. Little, wife of Rev. James M. Little, has been quite ill for several days past, but is improving some.

Dr. Taulbee was Wednesday called to the head of Gillmore Creek to see a Mr. Pratt, who was reported very ill.

Hazel Green capitalists should now organize and extend the telephone line from Campton to this place. It would be a great convenience.

Taylor Johnson and family have removed to Ezel, and we learn that Mr. Johnson has secured a situation with some big lumber company.

Wiley May and wife (nee Emma Kash, of this place), who have until recently resided on White Oak, in Morgan county, are now living at Odessa, Mo.

Rev. J. Z. Hanev will preach at the church on Gillmore on the first Sunday in April. Services at 11 o'clock in the morning and 8 in the afternoon.

Our Caney letter, dated the 13th inst., was received on Tuesday, the 24th, and was, therefore, eleven days traveling about the same number of miles.

Prof. Cord, of Hazel Green Academy, will on Sunday night deliver a discourse on the subject of baptism at the Christian Church in this place, and all who can do so should turn out to hear him.

We have received the matter for our F. & L. U. Department, and it will be commenced in next week's paper if our supply of paper reaches us in time. If not, it will begin the week after and be a permanent feature of this paper thereafter.

Rev. James E. Wright, of the Southern Methodist Church, of this place, will hold an Easter service at Maytown next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. In the same church in the evening Rev. W. H. Crain, of the Northern Methodists, will hold services.

The instruments for the band have been shipped from Chicago, and J. W. Craven leaves shortly for Mt. Sterling, where he will get Mr. Busby, who is to teach the band, and returning bring the instruments with him from Rothwell. "Oompah, oompah."

The following Powell county prisoners were taken from the Montgomery county jail to Stanton for trial Tuesday: Dan Reffett, for shooting with intent to kill; Simpson Bush, for wife murder, and Will Smith, for the murder of Andy Gibbs. —Sentinel-Democrat.

The following is a list of the registers at the Day House since our last issue: G. W. Meyer, Ashland; R. P. Adams, Cincinnati, O.; S. K. Ford, Mt. Sterling; G. D. McCarty, Cincinnati; Amos Davis, I. N. McGuire, West Liberty; Minor Swan, Blanchester, Ohio.

Dr. Clardy, of Christian county, Democratic candidate for the nomination for Governor, was here Monday and made a forcible and sensible speech at Masonic Temple at 1:30 P. M. The Doctor squarely opposes the sub-Treasury scheme. He made a fine impression on our people. —Sentinel-Democrat.

Cavorting in Campbell County.

The latest news from Judge Swango reports him as actively engaged in his canvass. He was in Campbell county last week, and met with many who will stand by him in the County Conventions. Everywhere he meets with encouragement, and if Eastern Kentucky will only do her part his nomination is assured. That no man has the interests of his section more at heart than Judge Swango, is evidenced by the work he has done in the Convention in behalf of the people of Eastern Kentucky, and he should receive from them a solid support.

To Boom the Constitution.

Colonel Bennett H. Young is Chairman of the Committee appointed to prepare an address to the people setting forth the "strong points" of the new Constitution. The other members are: Messrs. C. T. Allen, H. R. Bourland, Robert Rodes, Frank P. Strauss, Samuel J. Pugh, W. H. Mackay, Chas. J. Bronston, Curtis F. Burnam, G. B. Swango and W. R. Ramsey. The Committee is strong in its make-up, and ought to be able to pull the new Constitution through.—Lexington Leader.

The Kincaid Trial.

The trial of Chas. E. Kincaid, charged with killing ex-Congressman William P. Taulbee on the 28th of February, 1890, was commenced at Washington Monday before Judge Bradley. It was thought that Judge Hagner would preside, but he was sick. The work of impelling a jury was very tedious, as many men had formed opinions. Our latest advices state that seven jurors had been chosen, and in all probability the panel would be completed Tuesday.

Touring Under a New Title.

Col. Green Berry Swango, of Wolfe county, candidate for Register of the Land Office, subject to the action of the Democratic party, has been in our town and county several days making the acquaintance of our Democracy. As the Colonel is on the Licking he thinks all on the Licking should give him their support. He is a good, honest and practical man, and would fill the office with credit.—Newport Journal.

Sold Out and Gone West.

Uncle Joe Amxy was in to see us on Tuesday, and informed us that William Oakley, living on Blackwater, in Morgan county, had sold his farm to John Pieratt, of that neighborhood, for \$900 cash. He also sold all his household fixtures, farm products, tools, etc., and will move to Stillwell, Kansas, about the 15th of April. He has a son, M. N. Oakley, living at that place, who is a subscriber to THE HERALD.

That Do Settle It.

The doom of Hazel Green as a summer resort for the sick, is written in the following lines from THE HERALD:—"The instruments for the Hazel Green Cornet Band have been ordered from Chicago, and before another HERALD is printed the everlasting 'toot, tooty-ti-toot' will have begun. A teacher has been engaged, and practice will begin as soon as the pieces arrive."—Bourbon News.

Campton Currency.

We learn from our own observation and what information we can gather from other sources that a new era is about to dawn on the people and country along the line of the K. U. R. R. The railroad has severed connection with the other K. U. companies—which, it is believed now, are only things of history—and will in the future run the road for what there is in it. Rates are being cut down on an average at least one-third, and will doubtless still be lower. Men from different sections of country are now beginning to pour in along the line of the road to engage in the lumber business, to deal in logs, staves, ties, tanbark, etc. This will make money for the road, for the men who engage in the business and for the country.

John Tevis, of Louisville, was in town Saturday and Sunday. It was he who became the purchaser of S. M. Tutt's saw logs on Mill Creek, in Powell county, on March 12th, at Receiver's sale. Mr. Tevis has been located at Jackson, Breathitt county, for more than a year just past.

A. T. Hurst returned from an extended trip through the lone State and other parts of the South and West a few days ago. He makes a very favorable report of what he saw while he was gone. He will move to Texas this spring if his business matters can be so adjusted, but if not, he will go in the fall.

Prof. M. C. Marion's school at this place, closed on last Friday. He will start to Texas in a few days to make it his future home. Professor and wife

leave a host of friends at Campton, who wish them abundant success in their future homes.

Sam Faulkner was arrested by Deputy Sheriff G. W. Drake a few days ago at Stanton. He was charged with forging some orders from W. J. Rose, of Callaboose, to G. T. Center. He had an examining trial and was held over in a bond of \$500, which he gave.

James and Joseph Little are under arrest charged with breaking into J. N. Vaughn's store some time since. Trial is set for today (Monday) at 10 o'clock.

G. T. Center has completed his telephone line from Campton to the Tunnel. It operates nicely.

Mr. Vansant, of Martinsburg, is in town.

March 23.

ATTENTION.

Farmers' and Laborers' Union.

Editor HERALD—Dear Sir: Will you be so kind as to publish the following:

"As President for the Tenth Congressional Union, I have called a meeting to be held at Lee City, on the head of Red River, in Wolfe county, Ky., on Friday, the 10th day of April, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of taking into consideration the best method of electing officers at the next August election to fill the different State offices for the State of Kentucky.

The County Presidents in the counties composing said district are requested to call county meetings at once, and elect three delegates from each county to represent them in the district meeting.

A. J. RINGO,

Pres. 10th C. L. U.

Rothwell, Ky., March 18, 1891.

[The above was postmarked March 20, the date of our last paper, and accounts for its non-appearance in that issue.—Editor.]

F. & L. U. Notice.

Whereas, the President of the Tenth Congressional district of the F. & L. U. has made a called meeting to be held with Lucky Lodge, at Lee City, Wolfe county, on the 10th day of April, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and notifies the County Presidents to call their County meeting and appoint delegates for the same.

Therefore I, James H. Sebastian, President of Wolfe county F. & L. U. hereby notify the Sub-Presidents to call a meeting and appoint their delegates to meet at Hazel Green on April 4 for the purpose of appointing delegates to meet with a like committee at Lee City on April 10, 1891.

JAS. H. SEBASTIAN,

Pres. W. C. F. & L. U.

ESTRAY.

Felix Pence, living near Lane P. O. Wolfe county, has posted a stray ox, as follows: Description—3 years old; weighs about 900 pounds; mostly red, with white head and some white in right flank; white spot on top shoulder; marked 3/4 crop off right ear and swallow fork in left. Owner can get ox by paying charges for posting, feeding, etc.

24w

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DO YOU WANT TO SAVE FROM 25 TO 50 CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR YOU SPEND? IF SO, WRITE FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, CONTAINING ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES OF EVERYTHING MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES, AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. 10,000 ILLUSTRATIONS, ALL LINES REPRESENTED. CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

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B. F. TYLER. JOHN H. ROSE.

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HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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FALCON

STEEL PENS

12 Sample Pens, different patterns, in 57c. or 75c. a gross. Mail or purchase sent post-paid, on receipt of 10 CENTS.

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EASTERN MARKETS

FOR FOUR WEEKS.

Brim full and running over with all that's nice and new and desirable is our Spring Stock of Dry Goods and Millinery. An immense stock, selected with great care and judgment.

Our DRESS GOODS department is a treat to look at, comprising THE LATEST NOVELTIES and fullest line in the State, from 25c. a yard up.

The Choicest Millinery and a first-class Trimmer means a beautiful Hat or Bonnet, and we promise reasonable low prices.

WM. LANDSBERG & SON, WINCHESTER, KY.



THE WINN FURNITURE CO.,

No. 5 Main Street, WINCHESTER, KY.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, WALL PAPER, China, Glass and Queensware. UNDERTAKING.

We have added largely to our stock and now occupy two large buildings and carry as complete a line of goods as can be found in any city.

If you haven't time to make the trip to our city write, and we will send cuts or samples of any of the many articles that we carry.

When you do come down make our store your headquarters. THE WINN FURNITURE CO.

JAMES KENNEDY. JAMES B. TIPTON.

Kennedy & Tipton,

—DEALERS IN—

Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, AND BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

MT. STERLING, KY.

The prescriptions and orders of Doctors especially solicited, and given special care and attention in compounding.

None but pure medicines and drugs used.

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TAYLOR BOOKS PILE

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE, KNOWN FOR 15 YEARS AS THE BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.

PREPARED BY RICHARDSON-TAYLOR MED. CO. ST. LOUIS MO.

TRIMBLE BROS., WHOLESALE GROCERS, MT. STERLING, KY.

Consignments of Produce and the patronage of Mountain Merchants respectfully solicited, and full satisfaction guaranteed.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, - - - Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.
FRIDAY, - March 27, 1891.



THE GRIP WE HAVE TO CARRY.

For each and all in ways along,
It matters not if weak or strong,
Or whether young, or whether old,
The way be poor, or strewn with gold,
There is a grip to carry.

It may be gilded, or be worn,
It's all the same, it must be borne,
There's no escape, no use to try,
The better way is should be carry.
The grip we have to carry.

Our brother just across the way
Seems highly favored day by day;
We murmur at our lot and pine,
To think he has the best of time,
And has no grip to carry.

But ah! his grip is tinsel-tipped,
His wine too little to be dipped,
We can not lift the weight he bears,
We can not know another's care,
Till we his grip would carry.

To each and all is stinted out
The one adopted route,
If large or small, if old or new,
The stunted, friend, to me, to you,
The grip we have to carry.

Then let us march with shout and song,
"Till we make the way less hard and long,
The burden borne will lighter grow,
Till we shall almost cease to know
We have a grip to carry."
-Inter Ocean.

BROTHER BEN.

The Quor Fancies of a Harmless Lunatic.

He had so much dignity, this old man, so much manner that I had been quite impressed by him.
We had walked up together from the post-office several times, and I had seen him near his house I often saw him in passing, and thus we struck up an odd sort of friendship, for I was twenty while he was nearly seventy.
We used to talk on various subjects—politics, religion, the people of the town and the geology of the surrounding country, and I found him well informed and liberal in his views, and, better than all, tolerant of the opinions of a young man.
I supposed that this tolerance impressed me the more because, owing to my youth, I had been recently rather snubbed by some of my male relations, and on that account had come to try my fortunes among strangers.

So it was that when this courtly old gentleman showed me such marked and polite attention I felt rather flattered and greatly comforted thereby. I never had met any one of my family, although I understood from him that he had a wife and an elderly daughter who lived with him in the great mansion half hidden from the street by a growth of trees and shrubs.
I often stopped to talk with him at his gate, and he had invited me in more than once, but I always refused, until one day he said, abruptly: "Do you know that I have taken such a fancy to you that I want Ben to see you. Ben is my brother, you know; he lives with me. He is not quite right at times, a little flighty, perhaps, but you won't mind that."

I saw that he was thoroughly in earnest, and to please him I said that I would go in and see Ben.
As we stepped upon the broad piazza my friend hesitated. "Just a word, please, before we go," Ben is very sensitive about his—his—troubles. He is just my age; we are twins, in fact, and physically he is perfect—yes, perfect—but there is something wrong with his head. He is all right on some things, you know; but he has some queer fancies, poor fellow."

The tears came into his eyes and he cleared his throat with a little cough as he opened the door and ushered me into a broad, handsome furnished hall. He led the way from this into a cheerful sitting-room and excused himself for a moment.
While he was gone I looked about the room. There were quaint chairs, an old stand or two, a rosewood cabinet and an old-fashioned piano with mother-of-pearl keys, on the walls were a few portraits in oil and some good engravings of an old style.

The thing that struck me most, however, was a tall pier-glass let into the wall between two windows. From the bottom of this, up to within a few inches of the top, it was painted over with a thick coating of dark paint, and this was ornamented by a landscape stiffly painted in rather crude colors. There was another and smaller mirror in the frame of the clock, and this had been treated in a similar manner, little gleams of brilliant colors here and there through the dark paint.
I reasoned that the surface of the clock-glass had been marred either by time or by dampness and that this paint had been put on to cover up these defects, and as I was gazing at the ugly landscape the old gentleman returned, bringing his wife and daughter, to whom he introduced me.

Both ladies had lovely and refined faces which differed but little from each other. Time had marked the lines deeper upon that of the elder woman, and her hair was white, but both wore the same sad, anxious expression, as though some great sorrow was hanging over them.

"Mother, I have brought my young friend in to see Ben," said the older woman, and I noticed that a meaning glance passed from the ladies as the elder one replied in a pleading voice: "Father, Ben isn't so well to-day. Hadn't you better wait till sometime other time?" "No, mother; Ben's all right. All he needs is a little cheerful company." With these words my friend left the room, motioning me to follow him.

We went across the hall to a small room furnished very simply. There were some cases of books, a leather lounge, and a couple of arm-chairs drawn up before a large mirror.

Walking proudly to the mirror which reflected his own face, and his handsome face the old man introduced me to "Brother Ben."

Of course I understood it all in a moment, the painted looking-glasses, the safe-faced women, and their reluctance to allow a stranger to intrude upon their sorrow.

It was a complete surprise to me, for I had never suspected the least thing about my friend, and I had believed in his brother Ben, who was a shadow of doubt. Luckily the ladies entered then, and by their tact relieved me from my embarrassment.

The old man told me how much he and Ben enjoyed each other's society, and he complimented Ben upon his appearance. "You are looking well, Ben, old boy, and I am pleased to see you in such good spirits to-day."

Soon the ladies suggested that Ben might be tired, and I took the hint and made my adieu. As I bowed myself out the younger lady said: "We see nobody now, you know, but father enjoys your company, and if you would stop to see him sometime you would be doing us a great favor," and I promised that I would come.

I went quite often and nearly always was taken to see Brother Ben, because he had taken such a liking to me, the old man said.

I learned from the ladies that Ben had been drowned when he was a boy, but of late the hallucination that he was living and was insane had been fixed in his brother's mind.

One day my friend told me that he was worried about Ben. "He seems to be failing a little," said he. "I fancy that his mind is less clear than it was. I have noticed, while talking with him, he loses the thread of the conversation oftener than formerly."

He was right. "Brother Ben" was failing. It was pathetic to hear the old man say: "Ben, my boy, you are a trifle pale to-day, aren't you?" "Am I, brother?" "You should take better care of yourself, brother; you take too much and sleep too little."

I had a private interview with the ladies one day, and we decided that "Ben" would be better for a little trip. The mirror was removed and we told the old man that his brother had gone for a change of air. But he worried about Ben and missed him so that we had the mirror hung again and told him that Ben had come back.

He was overjoyed; he hastened to the mirror. "Ben, dear old Ben, I have missed you so. I am so glad that you came back," he said brokenly, putting his arms round me as he spoke. "Am you stay with me always now, won't you, Ben? You won't leave me again, for we haven't long to stay now, you and I, and something tells me that we will both go together, old fellow."

He failed rapidly after this and soon he could only with difficulty get to his old seat before the glass.

"Ben, we're almost there," he would say, and then he would ask us if it were not pitiful to see Ben looking so poorly.

Indeed it was, and our tears would start as we saw the reflection of the trembling limbs and vacant, wandering gaze.

The end came at last, peaceful and calm. He had been in bed some days in a sort of half-stupor. He roused one night and called: "Mother," "Yes, father, I am here," she said gently. "I am going home now, and Ben's going too. I am glad I can take him with me, for he is so feeble and so flighty that he wouldn't know how to get along without me, poor old boy, and then he might bother you, mother, if I wasn't here to sort of look after him."

He nestled down among the pillows, looking so happy and contented. "Yes, Ben, we are going together, just as we came," he whispered, and in a few minutes he was gone with Ben—Marie More Marsh, in Chicago Times.

In a Terrible Predicament.

Dashley—Just been reading an account of a shipwreck. A crew remained for days in mid-ocean sailing the cruelst pangs of hunger.

Cashley—Oh, pah! These stories are always exaggerated.

Dashley—They even thought of cannibalism when they were thrown upon a desert island, but even here they could get nothing to eat.

Cashley—Oh, they could have worried along on a little moss or sea-weed or something.

Dashley—Think of it—no cigars to smoke.

Cashley (with suddenly awakening interest)—Poor devils! Horrible; wasn't it?—America.

A LENGTHY INTERRUPTION.



Mr. Cates (of the moonshine district)—You started 't marry us this mornin', parson, an' got as far as askin' us whether we'd hev each other when her ole man came up.

The parson—I did.

Mr. Cates—Well, we've swum Snake river, crossed over Bald mountain an' waded Simm's swamp; an' now that we've shook him, we wantar say "yes" an' wind up 't ceremony.—Judge.

Keeping Him a Lover.

Mrs. Sharpington—D'y'e mean 't say you've been married ten years an' never had a quarrel with 'r husband?

Fair Stranger—That is true, madam.

"And ye always let him have the last word?"

"Yes, madam; I wouldn't for the world do any thing to lessen my husband's love for me. He might get careless."

"Careless?"

"Yes, we are janglers by profession, and at two performances every day I stand against a board while he throws the knives."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Stitch in Time.

Jim Snively has just returned to Austin from a pleasure trip through Kentucky, his native State. He tells a good story about what the guide told him in the Mammoth Cave.

He asked the guide if he (Snively) could not break off a small piece of stalactite and take it along with him to Texas.

"No, you don't," responded the custodian of the cave. "If we were to allow every darned fool to carry off chunks of rock, it would have got away with the whole cave."—Texas Siftings.

Taking Stock.

Clerk—We don't seem able to do any thing with our "Consumption Cure," sir; it don't sell even at the reduced price of ninety-nine cents a bottle.

Proprietor—If it will—just keep it in stock, and in a few weeks we'll work it off as imported lymph—at the same price.—Harper's Weekly.

He Couldn't Stand the Heat.

"What kind of goods is 't?" asked Colonel Blood, of Kentucky, when his wife displayed her new gown.

"It's water silk."

"Ah! that's why it turned my stomach as soon as I saw it."—Munsey's Weekly.

He Wanted to See.

Kind Lady—Poor man, you lot me tell me how you came to lose your eyesight?

Blind Man—All right, marm, but first let me see the money you are going to give me.—Texas Siftings.

Still Running.

"Were you at the opera last night?"

"Yes."

"What did you hear?"

"A very interesting conversation between two ladies and a dude in one of the boxes."—Life.

Taking Him Down.

"These portraits belonged to my great-grandfather," said Lord Albert Hall, proudly.

"Was he a dealer?" queried Miss Ida Hoe.—Puck.

Named at Last.

Teacher—What was the most important event in the history of New York? George Gazzam, you may answer.

George—The discovery of America, ma'am.—Munsey's Weekly.

It Seemed Probable.

Miss Elder—Will you love me when I'm old?

Lover—Well, I don't expect to stop loving you quite so abruptly as that.—West Shore.

The Changes Time Brings.

Cholly Cholmondeley—I visited an old aunt to-day, whom I had not seen since I was a baby; and she remarked that I was much changed. Do you notice it, Haywood?

Haywood—Hawkington—No! How strange!—Jewellers Circular.

A Modern Instance.

She (at the ball)—I don't know that I have ever met you in the evening before, and I hardly knew you in a dress suit. Isn't the gentleman here who occupies the same apartments with you?

He—No. He stayed home.—Life.

Both Hard at Work.

Advertising Post—Here, Bell, I've got out three lines of my poem already.

His Good Wife—And I've got out three lines of my wash.—Harper's Bazar.

ENGLAND'S SNOW-STORMS

Severe Winters Which Will Always Be Remembered.

A Record of the Cold Snaps Experienced in Great Britain During the Last Two Centuries—Six Months of Steady Snow.

The great snow-storm, when the Thames was frozen over for nearly four months, occurred in 1683-84, says a writer in London Pall Mall. The frost continued without intermission from December to February, snow coming down almost continuously, so that some parts of the country were well-nigh impassable. To add to the discomfort a bitter east wind blew all the time. Ships anxious to enter the port of London were obliged to remain at the mouth of the Thames, and crews suffered great privations. Provisions were dear, horses and cattle often died of cold, and scarcely a bird lived through the winter. The citizens of London, however, resolved on having some profit out of the extraordinary weather, built a regular colony on the ice-brother Thames. Shops, taverns, coffee-houses, booths for dramatic representations, printing offices and similar buildings sprang up like magic. This winter was probably the severest ever known in England, though the following one of 1684-85 was famous for its extreme cold.

In 1719 came a week's fall of snow in January, followed by a long, hard frost. Provisions became so dear in the west of England that bread was sold by its weight in money, and coals were forty shillings a quart. The year of 1784 was remarkable for another severe winter. Snow began falling on the 7th of October, and on the 21st of April the intermission, until the 31st of April in the following year, or for nearly 180 days in all. In addition to this a strong frost prevailed during the same period. The Thames was again frozen over in 1788, 1792 and 1801. In the following year, the last of the century, a terrible snow-storm raged throughout the midland counties. In his work on the "Climate of England," Whistlercraft says that during a snow-storm a man named Woodcock, a native of Cambridge, was buried in the snow for eight days. She lived for several months after being rescued.

The year 1812 is famous in history as that of the terrible retreat of the grand army from Moscow, in which Napoleon's forces were weakened by the loss of four hundred thousand men. This year saw some exceptionally severe snow-storms in the southwest of England. Bray, a local magnate of Lavisock, returning from Exeter by way of Dartmoor, found the snow so thick at Moreton Hampstead that it was impossible to proceed farther on his homeward journey. At Moreton Hampstead he was obliged to remain for no less than three weeks until the snow had cleared off sufficiently for him to resume his travels. The winter of 1814 still remembered by some of our people as that of the "Great Frost." Snow was so deep and remained so long on the roads that the mail coaches were prevented from running, and communication between the chief centers of population was extremely difficult, and in some cases impossible.

Six years later the southwest of England suffered from another terribly severe snow-storm. On Dartmoor the snow was so deep that among numerous fatalities occurred, persons not only being lost, but those who went out to seek them also perishing in the great drifts. The snow-storm of December, 1831, was the most severe fall known to English journals since the year 1719. The snow began falling on the 24th and continued over Christmas day into Boxing day. By the evening of the latter it had drifted in some places to a depth of forty and even fifty feet. This snow-storm extended all over the country, and numerous lives were lost in it. Business was almost at a standstill, as the mail coaches could not run, and correspondence was delayed for over a week.

In 1844 came another severe snow-storm, during which several mail coaches had to be dug out of the drifts, among them being the noted "Quicksilver," once famous for its rapid trips. Seventy men were employed in releasing this coach from the snow before it could proceed on its way. During the last forty years there have been several severe snow-storms, but none powerful enough to warrant us in contradicting our grandfathers when they say that "these times are nothing like the old ones"—for snow-storms or any thing else.

"Will you permit me, my dear Mrs. Zelinski, to take that chicken bone. We have friends to dine to-morrow."—Jury.

The Women of Ecuador.

The females of Ecuador are proverbial for beauty. They prize the aristocracy being said to have the fairest complexion of any in South America, while all possess large, soft and expressive dark eyes, the blackest and most sparkling in the world, teeth, well-rounded figures, and small hands and feet. Like all women in the tropics, they mature early and fade quickly, but perhaps their average span of forty years includes more heart-happiness than the cold-blooded older climates. In three score years and ten, for these are harassed by no "carking cares" or high ambitions.

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, - - - Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, - March 27, 1891.



EASTERN KENTUCKY.

Sayings and Doings of the Citizens
in Our Neighboring Counties.

As Heard and Seen by Herald Correspondents and Hasty Written up for Our Army of Readers.

MORGAN.

Blackwater Bubbles.

News is scarce, but mud is plenty. The measles are dying out by degrees. James Rose, of Grassy, was visiting here last week.

Lula Murphy is at home on a visit from school.

Some of our people have very bad colds; almost like "the grip."

Frank Handy has moved to Grassy Creek on account of his wife's health.

Dr. Taulbee extracted 21 teeth for Aunt Liz Ward at one sitting last week.

Mrs. Harry Oldfields is reported to be improving under Dr. Taulbee's treatment.

John Henry, of Grassy, is sick at the residence of his father, Wm. Henry, but is a little better.

The Sheriff has caused some of our boys to visit the Grand Jury room unwillingly this week.

Wm. Miles, the boss coal digger, moved here last week. He is a Christian gentleman and we welcome him.

Several of our citizens will attend Circuit Court at West Liberty, while some of the boys will take to the hills.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt preached two able sermons here last Sunday, and will also preach here the 4th Sunday in April. Let everybody come.

March 23.

SLICKER.

Caney Chronicles.

Measles are raging in this vicinity.

Married, recently, F. Lykins to Liddy Prater.

Joe Halsey, of Grassy Creek, was here this week on business.

Died, on the 6th inst., a little daughter of Dave Lykins', of measles.

T. J. Burton has just returned from Meyer's Eddy, where he had been with timber.

Clarence Maxey, of West Liberty, was here today on business best known to himself.

Green Stacy, G. B. Lykins and W. A. Burton have been at the Ferry measuring timber for one month.

There has been more timber floated down Licking this spring than ever before. Stacy, Burton & Co. have run about forty rafts.

Your correspondent has just returned from Mt. Sterling, where he was almost an eye-witness to the horrible death of old man Ferguson and his son-in-law by poison.

March 18.

FALCON.

The Herald's Favorite With 'Em.

Mr. Spencer Cooper—Sir: You will find enclosed 50 cents, which please place to Hiram Greer's credit, and send him THE HERALD six months. THE HERALD is such a favorite with us that we would as soon do without dinner as it. You will please note his subscription in the paper. I would give some news, but I am not your scribe, and "On the Wing" would think I was taking too much on myself. So, more anon.

Grassy, March 18.

UNCLE DAVE.

BREATHITT.

Jackson Junkies.

The celebrated Lusk-Miller case was disposed of on the 13th inst. This case is celebrated for its voluminous and tedious record. The history of the case is about as follows: In the year 1882, the plaintiffs, Lusk and Day, loaned Miller \$1,002.34 to pay for a tract of land on War Creek in this county. Miller executed his note for this amount to run 5 years with interest. On the same date defendant entered into a contract with

plaintiffs by which he sold them all the white oak stave timber on said tract, and all the poplar that plaintiffs should require to carry on their business. The plaintiffs were to pay \$1.50 per thousand for the staves made, and 15 cents per hundred in the tree for the poplar. The plaintiffs made about 80,000 staves and took off about 18,000 feet of poplar, and entered a credit on the note for these amounts. In 1887 plaintiffs brought suit on the note. Defendant set up that there was enough stave timber on the tract to discharge the debt, and that it was plaintiffs' fault that they had not used it. The proof on this point is conflicting. Plaintiffs' witnesses found from 32 to 47 stave trees on the tract, and defendant's witnesses attempted to make it appear that there were about 4,000 stave trees still remaining on the land. The Court, Judge Patrick, being advised, gave plaintiffs a judgment for something over a thousand dollars and costs, and a lien on the land. We believe the Court based his decision in regard to the lien on the land on the case of Purcell vs. Ditman, 81st Ky. Plaintiffs were represented by Sebastian, and defendant by Capt. Hurst and others. There is some talk of an appeal, and it is fortunate for the parties interested that the K. U. is about completed to Jackson so they can ship the record by rail and secure carload rates.

CRANK.

ELLIOTT.

Sandy Hook Scraps.

Editor HERALD: Not being a subscriber to your paper, but having learned that it is devoted to the special interests of Eastern Kentucky and the development of its various resources, hence this letter.

THE HERALD is, comparatively speaking, a stranger to the people of Elliott, but we hope the time is not far distant when it will be a welcome visitor to every house in this county.

This county is located on, and includes the headwaters of the Little Sandy River, and abounds in timber, coal, &c.

The timber, lumber, and stave business of this county is very extensive and furnishes employment for a great many men. In fact, it seems to be at present the only source from which the people can get money to meet their immediate demands, stock, &c., being so low that people do not sell unless forced to do so.

Sandy Hook (or Martinsburg), the county seat of our county, is located on the northwest bank of the Little Sandy River, and contains about 175 inhabitants, one doctor, six lawyers, three ministers, two hotels, two stores, &c.

March 18.

REPORTER.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1891.

It is believed by those who make a constant study of the undercurrents of politics, that Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blaine have made an amicable arrangement relating to the Republican Presidential nomination next year, and that it is something like this: Mr. Harrison's friends are to announce unofficially of course, that he is a candidate for renomination and that Mr. Blaine is for him. If the announcement, which by the way has already been pretty extensively made, is cordially received by Republicans who can control the party machinery in the several States that can be counted upon to go Republican, it will, in due time, be followed by official announcements from both Mr. Harrison and his Secretary of State, and the name of Mr. Harrison will go before the convention with practically no opposition.

If on the other hand the announcement shall not be well received and the fact shall become plain that Mr. Harrison will meet with strong opposition in his party, he will, at the proper time, announce officially that he will not be a candidate and the full strength of the administration will be thrown to Mr. Blaine. This seems to be at least as far as the two gentlemen named are concerned, but what about the claims of Messrs. Alger, McKinley, Depew, et al.? Not being possessed of the power of prophecy, I shall have to content myself with asking this question, leaving the answer to those more directly interested.

The acting Secretary of the Treasury has, under the new law, declined to exchange gold bars for gold coin, unless the parties desiring the exchange will pay 4 cents per \$100, the Government cost for converting the coin into bars. The exchange is usually made by parties who wish to ship the gold to Europe and has heretofore been made free of charge. It is believed by the treasury officials that this charge will prevent the speculative exportation of American gold,

which will, if it turns out to be true, be very beneficial to the people at large, but very injurious to gold speculators.

Hon. Jerry Simpson seems to be catching on in great style. He tells me that he has received numerous invitations to make speeches in the East, and that he has accepted one to speak before a free trade club in New York City.

There is and has been no excitement in administration circles over the killing of the Italian members of the Mafia at New Orleans, and the action of the Italian minister in connection therewith. The minister presented a protest from his government and Mr. Blaine telegraphed to the Governor of Louisiana for information. That is all there was of it. No important international complications are expected to arise from it, and no one expects that the Italian government will make any unusual demands, although a delegation of foot Italians from Chicago turned up here this week with their heads full of wild ideas about apologies, indemnity, and other absurd things. For the satisfaction they received they might as well have remained at home. It is regarded here as a State and not a National affair, although if it can be shown that any of the men killed were Italian subjects Congress may decide, following the precedent established by the Spanish and Chinese cases, to vote a small sum to their families as a gratuity, it having been stated in the former cases that it was so intended and was not to be considered as indemnity.

There is a probability that Cuba may be the first country to feel the weight of the power granted the President in the reciprocity clause of the McKinley tariff act, which empowers the President to restore the duty on sugar removed by that act, from any country that refuses to negotiate a reciprocity treaty. Spain hasn't exactly refused to negotiate a treaty, but the action of her minister in insisting that Cuban tobacco shall be included in the treaty is equivalent to a refusal, for even if the administration was disposed to let Cuban tobacco in free, which it isn't, it has not the authority to do so. Mr. Blaine has sent ex-Minister Foster as a special envoy to inform the Spanish government that it "must fish or cut bait," and if a favorable message is not received from him by April 1, the date when the sugar schedule goes into effect, it will not be surprising if Mr. Harrison issues a proclamation ordering the retention of the present duty on Cuban sugar until further notice.

Treasurer Huston seems to have as much difficulty in getting out of office as most men do in getting in. His last resignation, which was thought by every one to be final, seems to have met the same fate as its several predecessors, and it is now said that Mr. Huston is to remain in office.

—A blast fired on the side of Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, dislodged 100,000 tons of rock. One hundred kegs of powder was the charge, and a ledge of rock was broken up and thousands of tons rolled down the mountain side. The railroad track was destroyed for 200 yards.

The home of ex-Congressman Thomas Turner, at Mt. Sterling, was burned last week.

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WM. H. CORD,

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